

## CHARIVARIA.

A PRETTY custom which had almost fallen into desuetude has been revived with startling suddenness. Two actresses have been led to the altar by Peers of the realm.

Mr. JOHN BURNES' popularity is steadily increasing. We hear that since the arrival of his gold-lace uniform he has been invited to an enormous number of Fancy Dress Balls in Battersea.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has stated that he did not, during the General Election, come across any of the Chinese Slavery Cartoons of which complaint has been made. Our former PREMIER did not read papers; our present one does not even see posters.

Though a past-master in oratory, Mr. BALFOUR, with the modesty of true greatness, is not above taking lessons from others. Before starting his City election campaign he paid a visit to Billingsgate to study the short, telling speeches which have made that district so famous.

Action, we hear, is to be taken by the Labour Party in regard to the KING's statement that he often works twelve hours a day. It is not at all impossible that HIS MAJESTY may be humbly invited to join the Eight Hours' Movement.

Many antique works of art are to be carefully removed from the old War Office to the new building. Say what one may against the War Office, it has always shown reverence for antiquity.

We have our own theory about the land-slide in Wales. As the people will not go back to the land, the mountain is making advances in their direction.

Plucky little Grays, the Essex town near the mouth of the Thames, has decided to supply itself with an artificial beach, and there seems little reason to doubt that one day we shall see Rotherhithe and Bermondsey blossom out into flourishing seaside resorts.

The Government intends to give Ireland Home Rule by instalments, and, in the same way, although the franchise is not to be granted to women at once,

most touching example of the trusting spirit yet known.

Music is now declared to be an aid to health. It certainly seems to make the hair grow.

Slight concessions to the people continue to be made in Russia. At Riga, last week, the Governor-General allowed four revolutionaries to be shot instead of being hanged.



First Clubman. "I SAY—HOW DO YOU SPELL 'TEMPORARY'?"

Second C. "T-E-M-P-O-R-A-R-Y, AND THE NEXT WORD HAS TWO R'S, E-M-B-A-R-R-A-S-S-M—"

First C. "THANKS!"

there is already talk of removing the grille in the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons, and replacing it, as at the Savoy, by a *Café Parisien*.

Six hundred Bristol girls have resolved to have nothing to do with boys who smoke. We agree that it is getting to be an effeminate habit.

Mr. JOHN W. GATES is said to have organised a Trust for the purpose of "loaning" umbrellas to subscribers in large cities. This will surely be the

feather from a child's hat. The others watch but make no movement, since the feather-fluffer is thoroughly capable of taking care of its own, and something more.

The Hon. THOMAS NORDY is passing through town on his way to Monte Carlo for a prolonged rest. Last evening, when seen at the Criterion restaurant, he . . . was leaping from bar to bar with extraordinary agility, taking anything that was put before him, and all the time grinning and chattering in a most incomprehensible manner, to the vast amusement of the spectators.

## THE LONDON MENAGERIE.

*The Sunday Times* has lately taken to printing Society movements and doings and the arrivals at the Zoo, on the same page. But why not frankly combine the two?

The Countess of CUMMERBUND is now one of our most constant devotees of *patinage sur vraie glace*. She is each morning to be found at Prince's, when she often . . . in making a sharp curve in the air, comes suddenly to the ground. Afterwards this beautiful creature struts up and down the enclosure, all unconsciously showing its exquisite shape and gorgeous colouring to the best advantage.

The Lady DIANA DELAMORE is quite exhausted with her long round of bargain sales. She is never so happy as when . . . seated in a corner, slowly pulling to pieces a

## THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

III.

"ARE you feeling a little more certain of yourself on the Fiscal question?" I asked of PRENDERBY; but not in very sanguine tones, for the weather was all against settled convictions, and to-day he looked almost astral in his detachment.

"My instinctive horror of formulas is, I hope, notorious," replied PRENDERBY, "and, in that sense, I might, a few weeks ago, have described myself a Balfourite. But now that Mr. BALFOUR has taken to wearing orchids in his buttonhole, and himself ceased to be a Balfourite; now that he has proved disloyal to his cherished unbelief, and adopted an actual creed, I feel as if I had lost confidence in my own doubts. Who knows but one day I shall merge my identity in a party faction?"

"You might join the Unionist Free Traders," I suggested, "and still retain a fairly recognisable individuality. It could scarce be obliterated by the mere force of their numbers."

"One might do worse," said PRENDERBY. "I have a suspicion that the future of England lies with the Unionist Free Trade Party; that with a leg in each camp it will one day bestride the world like a Colossus. Have you noticed the report that Lord ROSEBURY has been seen to call upon the Duke of DEVONSHIRE? Now Lord ROSEBURY is a man who knows his Duke, and would have better tact than to intrude upon his repose, especially in the hibernating season, unless for some grave cause. What if these two should combine to form a Liberal-Unionist-Free-Trade-Imperial-Primrose-League? Its name alone should be an attraction."

"I hope it would have sound views on the Yellow Labour question," I said, "and be able to solve the riddle, 'When is a Chinese slave not a Chinese slave?'"

"The status of the Chinese slave," said PRENDERBY, "appears to have changed since the Election. The solution of your riddle was partially achieved by Lord RUXO, when (after the return of his party to power) he hazarded the guess that the Chinese slave was only half a slave. Half a lie is of course better than no truth; but now we have the startling statement of the Under-Secretary for the Colonies (who ought to know) that the Chinese slave has no existence at all. This must have come as a rude shock to honest men like Messrs. JOHN BURNS, LLOYD-GEORGE, and LOUGH, who had unwittingly given their support to the dissemination of what is now officially admitted to be a lie, whole and complete. I understand, further, that an Exploration Party is about to sail to South Africa in order to find out if there was any basis for the allegations advanced before the Polls. It is to be called the Post-Polar Expedition."

"If it goes on a warship," I said, "there will be no flogging on board." I like to draw PRENDERBY on from theme to theme with some show of logical sequence.

"No," rejoined PRENDERBY; "I fear the good old times have had their day. I notice as a significant coincidence that the abolition of corporal punishment in the Navy synchronises with the proposal to lengthen the short Eton jacket. But there are consolations. His triumph may modify the importunities of Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL. It may even stave off Home Rule for a time."

"Talking of long and short coats," I said, "what is your view of the reefer jacket as affected by the Labour Party?"

"To me," said PRENDERBY sententially, "it typifies the happy mean; it is a symbol of the moderation, the *σωφροσύνη*, that characterises the New Party. The public seemed to imagine that the Labour Members would want to make a bear-garden of the House. It forgot, or underrated, the civilizing influence of Lady WARWICK. And, in any case, one always had to reckon with the atmosphere of the House, which, even since the advance in ventilation, has still a

mollifying force over the wildest spirits. The almost sacred traditions of the place discourage the ebullitions of profanity. We have all felt the same thing in the Salle du Jeu at Monte Carlo.

"No, I have no apprehension lest the coming of the Labour Party should debase the manners of Parliament below the high standard recognised by the Irish Nationalists. If I have any fear of Mr. KEIR HARDIE's followers, it is the fear that they will neglect the interests of the People. To judge by their programme they are no better than landlords, or motorists, or brewers, in their passion for class-legislation. There is a note of tyranny in their motto '*L'état, c'est nous*.' They have yet to appreciate that under the category of the 'Working-classes' we must include those who labour with the head not less than those who labour with the hand, and that the term 'People' embraces even that section of the community which by the cruel chance of birth or fortune is rich enough to be idle. I suspect that our Popular Educators have given inadequate prominence to the old Roman fable of the Belly and the Members."

"I am confident, my dear PRENDERBY," said I, "that if a proper publicity is given to your views, they will go far to correct what is crude in the ambitions of the Labour Party."

"I am like Lord HUGH," he replied, with a rare modesty. "I am an idealist; and the Millennium is not yet."

By the air of finality which he imparted to these words, accompanied as they were by a very gracious glance towards the clock, he seemed to indicate the application of the closure.

I waived my right of pressing it to a division; and so withdrew. O. S.

## THE CHORAL CURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Noticing that Dr. CANTLIE, in last Thursday's *Daily Mail*, advises his patients to join a Choral Society as a remedy for indigestion, adenoids, enlarged tonsils, pneumonia and consumption, I invite you to give publicity to the following facts, which should serve as a warning to all who propose to practise this cure.

A year ago, in obedience to his physician, a sufferer from chronic bronchial catarrh joined the choral society with which I was then connected. He had a grating voice and no sort of ear, and went through an energetic course of lung exercise on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Having paid the fees he was entitled not only to attend the practices but to sing in a concert, for which we were actively rehearsing *Moses in Egypt*. It was subsequent to the final rehearsal that his friends missed him. He was last seen walking between two basses, chatting pleasantly. The solo tenor and the hon. secretary brought up the rear.

A dyspeptic lady of middle age joined the ranks of our sopranos some months later, when rehearsals for *The May Queen* were in progress. She had been advised that the movements entailed by voice production "gently massaged the digestive organs." She was an energetic vocalist, but had no appreciation of time, was rather deaf and too short-sighted to see the bâton. She was asked to drink a cup of tea one afternoon with her sister sopranos, and did not attend the subsequent practices, nor have we since had news of her. Trusting that these incidents will speak for themselves, I am, Yours truly, ALTO PROFONDO.

## Our Extraordinary Allies.

"H.M. Cruiser *Diadem*, with Prince ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT on board, arrived this morning at Yokohama, and afterwards left by special train for Tokio."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Once more the Swiss Navy must look to its laurels.



Bernard Partridge.

## THE FREE-FOOD OUTLAWS.

Orlando . . . Lord Rosbery. The Banished Duke . . . Da-Nish-Re. Jacques . . . Lord High C-c-l. Amiens . . . Lord George H-H-L-R. First Lord . . . Lord B-I-F-S of B-E-L-G-I-E.

Orlando. "I ALMOST DIE FOR FOOD; AND LET ME HAVE IT."

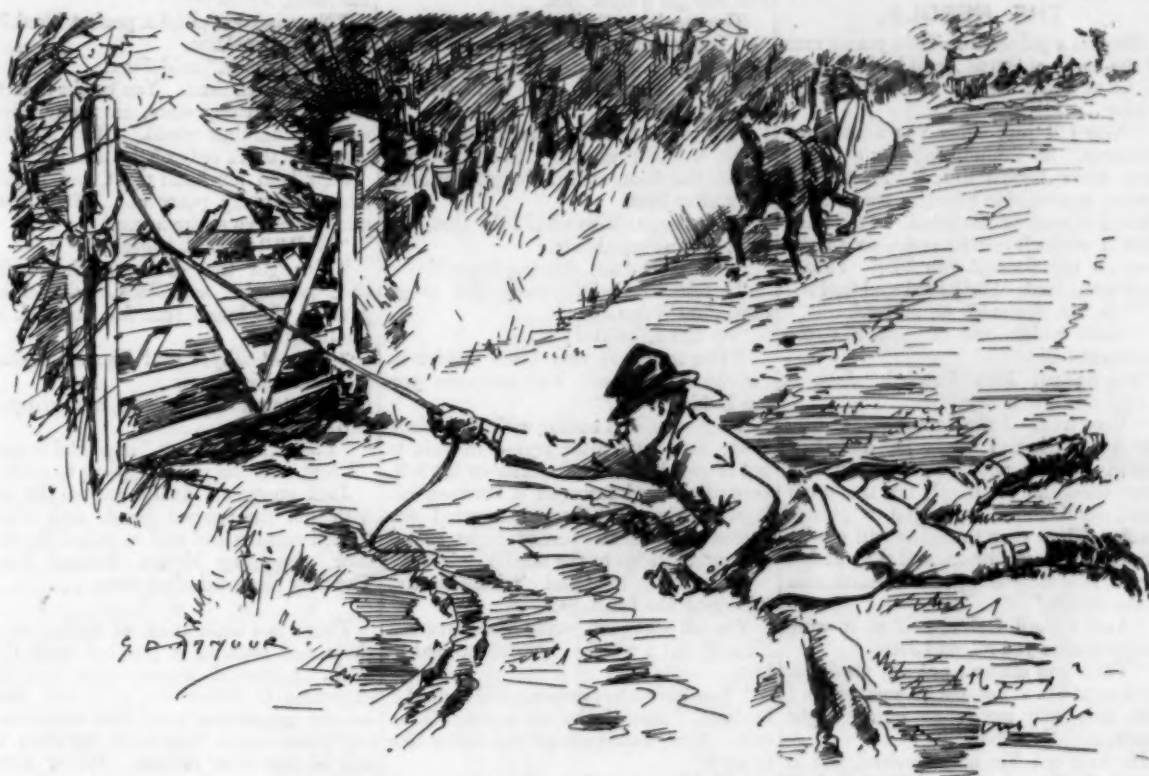
Duke. "SIT DOWN AND FEED, AND WELCOME TO OUR TABLE."—As You Like It, Act II., Sc. 7.

[Lord Rosbery has paid a call upon the Duke of Devonshire."—Daily Paper.]



THE HISTORY OF THE





### THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Sportsman (feeling slightly mized, but holding manfully to what he supposes to be his horse). "STEADY, MARE! STEADY, OLD GIRL! WHOA!"

#### THE PRAMOTOR.

[*"Even baby may now play at motoring, under realistic conditions, in the 'Pramotor,' a new vehicle which is a combination of the old-fashioned perambulator and the up-to-date motor-car."*—*The Daily Mirror.*]

IN Kensington Gardens I wandered  
Far, far from the roar of E.C.

I heard a toot-tooting,  
And by me went shooting  
A goggled young bantling of three;  
And while on the vision I pondered  
Another flew past like a squib—  
A twenty horse-power  
At  $\alpha$  miles an hour,  
And steered by a babe in a bib.

I sank on a seat in amazement,  
And turned with a wondering look  
To a nurse who was sitting  
Alone with her knitting,  
Immersed in a yellow-backed book.  
She quite understood what my gaze meant,  
And promptly proceeded to talk  
Of TOMMY and TEDDY,  
Whose prams were already  
Mere specks in the narrowing walk.

"Master TOMMY," she said, "is a wonder:  
Before he was many days born

He turned from the bottle  
And cried for the throttle,  
And tooted all day on the horn.  
"And TEDDY looks blacker than thunder  
At Gollywogs, toffy or jam;  
He savagely quarrels  
With rattles and corals,  
And shrieks for his motoring pram."

"But aren't you afraid," I suggested,  
"To let them go driving like that?  
It seems a bit risky—  
Suppose they get frisky,  
As sometimes occurs with a brat;  
Has their skill been sufficiently tested?  
They drive in so daring a way!  
Is it not a bit rash, nurse?  
There might be a smash, nurse—  
D'you think they are really *au fait*?"

As I spoke little TOMMYKINS dashed up:  
"Nurse, we'll get our licences now!  
We've run down two collies,  
A pram full of dollies,  
A poodle, a pug, and a chow.  
And down by the Palace we smashed up  
A keeper, and then took to flight."  
Such record proved plainly  
I'd vexed myself vainly;  
These chauffeurs were competent—  
quite.

#### WHY DON'T WE RUN?

[*Being some letters apparently provoked by the "Daily Mail" discussion on this subject.*]

"COMPANY PROMOTER" writes: "Running a mistake in my opinion. Difficult to reach the coast before being caught. Better see the liquidation out like a gentleman, and get away quietly afterwards to America."

MR. W. SIKES writes in similar vein: "Running too suspicious, excites the police and probably rouses the dog. My own system, stroll away whistling with swag in coat-tails, and ask policeman to call a cab. Running never done in exclusive burglary circles."

"TELEGRAPH BOY" tells us: "Running out of the question in my case. Heart not at all strong, and slight paralysis in left leg. Besides—why should I run?"

MR. P. F. WARNER cables: "Inability to run due to excellent local bowling."

"RUINED BOOTMAKER" complains: "Why not, indeed? This craze for motoring absurd. Will support any scheme for promoting pedestrianism."

## WILL POWER; OR GETTING THE NEEDLE.

He was a pale enthusiastic young man of the name of SIMMS; and he held forth to us at great length about his latest hobby.

"Now I'll just show you a little experiment," he wound up; "one that I have never known to fail. First of all I want you to hide a needle somewhere, while I am out of the room. You must stick it where it can be seen—on a chair—or on the floor if you like. Then I shall come back blindfolded and find it."

"Oh, Mr. SIMMS!" we all said.

"Now, which one of you has the strongest will?"

We pushed JACK forward. JACK is at any rate a big man.

"Very well. I shall want you to take my hand when I come in, and look steadily at the needle—concentrate all your thoughts on it. I, on the other hand, shall make my mind a perfect blank. Then your thoughts will gradually pass into my brain, and I shall feel myself as it were dragged in the direction of the needle."

"And I shall feel myself as it were dragged after you?" said JACK.

"Yes; you mustn't put any strain on my arm at all. Let me go just where I like, only will me to go in the right direction. Now then."

He took out his handkerchief, put it hastily back, and said: "First I shall want to borrow a handkerchief or something."

Well, we blindfolded him, and led him out of the room. Then MURIEL got a needle, which, after some discussion, was stuck into the back of the Chesterfield. SIMMS returned, and took JACK's left hand.

They stood there together, JACK frowning earnestly at the needle, and SIMMS swaying uncertainly at the knees. Suddenly his knees went in altogether, and he made a little zig-zag dash across the room, as though he were taking cover. JACK lumbered after him, instinctively bending his head, too. They were brought up by the piano, which SIMMS struck with great force. We all laughed, and JACK apologized.

"You told me to let you go where you liked, you know," he said.

"Yes, yes," said SIMMS rather peevishly, "but you should have willed me not to hit the piano."

As he spoke he tripped over a small stool, and, flinging out an arm to save himself, swept two photograph frames off an occasional table.

"By Jove," said JACK, "that's jolly good. I saw you were going to do that, and I willed that the flower vase should be spared. Good for me!"

"I think you had better start from

the door again," I suggested. "Then you can get a clear run."

They took up their original positions.

"You must think hard, please," said SIMMS again. "My mind is a perfect blank, and yet I can feel nothing coming."

JACK made terrible faces at the needle. Then, without warning, SIMMS flopped on to the floor at full length, pulling JACK after him.

"You mustn't mind if I do that," he said, getting up slowly.

"No," said JACK, dusting himself.

"I felt irresistibly compelled to go down," said SIMMS.

"So did I," said JACK.

"The needle is very often hidden in the floor, you see. You are sure you are looking at it?"

They were in a corner with their back to it; and JACK, after trying in vain to get it over his right shoulder or his left, bent down and focussed it between his legs. This must have connected the current; for SIMMS turned right round and marched up to the needle.

"There!" he said triumphantly, taking off the bandage.

We all clapped, while JACK poured himself out a whisky. SIMMS turned to him.

"You have a very strong will indeed," he said, "one of the strongest I have met. Now, would one of the ladies like to try?"

"Oh, I'm sure I couldn't," said all the ladies.

"I should like to do it again," said SIMMS modestly. "Perhaps you, Sir?"

"All right, I'll try," I said.

When SIMMS was outside I told them my idea.

"I'll hold the needle in my other hand," I said, "and then I can always look at it easily, and it will always be in a different place, which ought to muddle him."

We fetched him in, and he took my left hand. . . .

"No, it's no good," he said at last, "I don't seem to get it. Let me try the other hand."

I had no time to warn him. He clasped the other hand firmly; and from the shriek that followed it seemed—I say it seemed—that he got it. There ensued the "perfect blank" that he had insisted on all the evening. Then he pulled off the bandage, and showed a very angry face.

Well, we explained how accidental it was, and begged him to try again. He refused rather sulkily.

Suddenly JACK said: "I believe I could do it blindfold. Miss MURIEL, will you look at the needle, and see if you can will me?"

SIMMS bucked up a bit, and seemed keen on the idea. So JACK was blind-

folded, the needle hid, and MURIEL took his hand.

"Now, is your mind a perfect blank?" said SIMMS to JACK.

"It always is," said JACK.

"Very well, then. You ought soon to feel in a dreamy state, as though you were in another world. Miss MURIEL, you must think only of the needle."

JACK held her hand tight, and looked most idiotically peaceful. After three minutes SIMMS spoke again.

"Well?" he said, eagerly.

"I've got the dreamy, other-world state perfectly," said JACK, and then he gave at the knees just for the look of the thing.

"This is silly," said MURIEL, trying to get her hand away.

JACK staggered violently, and gripped her hand again.

"Please, Miss MURIEL," implored SIMMS, "I feel sure he is just going to do it."

JACK staggered again, sawed the air with his disengaged hand, and then turned right round and marched for the door, dragging MURIEL behind him. The door slammed after them. . . .

There is a little trick of sitting on a chair and picking a pin out with the teeth. I started SIMMS—who was all eagerness to follow the pair, and find out the mysterious force that was drawing them—upon this trick, for JACK is one of my best friends. When JACK and MURIEL came back from the billiard-room and announced that they were engaged, SIMMS was on his back on the floor with the chair on the top of him—explaining, for the fourth time, that if the thing had not overbalanced at the critical moment he would have secured the object. There is much to be said for this view.

## Nature-Study.

RESPONDING to the toast of "The Houses of Parliament" the Member for Peterborough said of M.P.'s:—

It seemed there were three processes they had to go through: there was first the larva stage of the candidate, then there was the chrysalis stage, in which he was at present, and then there came the third stage, when he hoped to evolve as the perfect insect.

A correspondent asks what caused the omission of all reference to Eggs.

Surely this reticence was natural.

Two gentlemen were recently requested to leave the Palm Room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for not being in evening dress. The *Paris New York Herald* says, "They threaten to bring suits."

But why "threaten?"

SCHOOL GIRL'S LATIN.—"Do ut des."—Do as you would be done by.



## WIT MADE WITTIER.

MR. ARCHER, in his notice of the Waldorf revival of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is now transformed by modern methods into a really amusing play, protests against *Tony Lumpkin's* gags in his scenes with his mother. For instance, when she says, "I that have rocked you in your cradle," *Tony* interjects, "What did you want to rock me in? A butter-boat?" And when she proceeds, "And fed that pretty mouth with a spoon," he puts in, "You wouldn't have fed it with the fire-shovel?"

These gags are so much to the taste of the audience, and do so much to make poor *GOLDSMITH* go down to-day, in competition with Messrs. *PAUL RUBENS* and *GEORGE GROSSMITH JUNR.* and other successful dramatists of the moment, that Mr. *OSCAR ASCHE*, who is just now playing another classic of comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is thinking of taking the hint and also getting his comic scenes into line with London humour. Thus in Act III., in the rehearsal of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, many of the audience, he is convinced, would feel more at home if they could be regaled with a few repartees in the *Lumpkinian* manner, as follows:—

*Bottom.* Are we all met?

*Quince.* Are we all wet? I'm not at any rate. I'm only half wet. Two or three more Scotches would do me a fair treat.

*Bottom.* I said, are we all met?

*Quince.* O! Pat, pat, and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage; this hawthorn brake our tiring house; and we'll do it in action—

*Bottom.* Of course we'll do it in action. What did you think we should do it in? A motor bus?

*Quince.* What say'st thou, Bully Bottom?

*Bottom.* There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please.

*Quince.* You've caught some fleas?

*Bottom (shouting).* There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please.

*Quince.* Ay, ay. As how?

*Bottom.* First, *Pyramus* must draw his sword to kill himself.

*Starveling.* Well, what would you have him draw it for? To open a tin of sardines?

*Bottom.* Which the ladies can never abide.

*Starveling.* If they don't like it they can lump it.

And so forth. Mr. *ASCHE*, however, intends for the present to stick to *SHAKESPEARE*.

None the less it will, perhaps, come to



*Tramp.* "CALL HIM OFF, MISTER! CALL HIM OFF!"

*Householder.* "NO NEED TO WORRY. HE CAN'T CLIMB."

be the custom to attach a cockney writer to every theatre where old comedy is to be revived. We are convinced that in London no old play, however witty and well written in its original form, could be a failure in revival if a sufficient number of characters said, "Go and eat coke" a sufficient number of times.

A DELICATE MATTER.—The Louth University Extension Society announces "A Course of Six Lectures on *The Age of Elizabeth*." Surely the question could be settled in one.

## The Realistic School of Fiction.

"Reaching the courtyard of the station she unostentatiously hailed a hansom, and having given her new address to the cabman, took her seat."—*The Gambler*.

THE author, at any rate, leaves nothing to chance.

"These goods, made of pure wool, are specially adapted for gentlemen wintering abroad in consequence of their valuable absorbent properties."—*Advt. in "The Morning Post."*

This is letting the embezzler down pretty gently.

## ADAPTED FOR AMATEURS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a dramatic author to whom an untoward combination of circumstances has so far denied a West-End appearance. Not that I am one of the great unacted; far from it. Amateurs cry for me! As, however, I have found from experience that the conditions of amateur productions seldom admit of a perfect interpretation of the writer's meaning, I am preparing a version of my work in which all such contingencies shall be foreseen. I append a brief example of my method. It will be observed that it contains nothing which even the most amateur company cannot present in exact accord with the instructions of the author. It is, in short, a play that nobody can spoil.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR PINERO ROBINSON.

TITLE (which can be changed to anything else in order to avoid payment of royalties):

## SUITED AT LAST!

The interest of the piece commences, before the rising of the curtain, with a sustained pianoforte recital, comprising the Overture to Zampa, Three Dances from Henry VIII., and The Eton Boat Song (twice repeated). Through the music a confused hammering should be heard at intervals. Finally the curtain rises quite suddenly in the middle of a bar, and reveals:

The Great Hall of Bilton Castle. The room measures 13 feet by 9, and is furnished with a table c. and chairs n. and l. At one side is a door opening into a narrow passage. On the opposite side another door into the same passage. At back a window, with view of distant mountains. The light is that of four oil foot-lamps, one smoking.

Enter ANGELINA, a beautiful young girl with a pronounced complexion. She trips over the cross-bar at the foot of the door.

Angelina (murmurs inaudibly for five minutes, then louder). And if he did but suspect his true intentions, I tremble for the result. (N.B. About half-way through this soliloquy the lights in the auditorium, previously full on, should be lowered abruptly.) But hark! Who comes here? (Listening at door l.) Yes, it is the Duke's footstep. Confusion!

[A pause. Then enter R. the Duke of BILTON, an elderly aristocrat with flowing white-upon-black hair. He trips over the cross-bar.

Duke. Yes, ANGELINA, your ear has not deceived you, albeit the acoustic properties of the castle led you to expect me by a door opposite to that by which I actually entered. But stay! I have that to speak which brooks no delay!

Angelina (seating herself). Can it be

the mystery of my birth! I am all attention.

Duke. Then hearken! Never shall I cease to remember—(A significant pause, they look at one another anxiously)—I say, never shall I forget—(Another pause). But hold! (Producing small buff-coloured volume) I will recite the fatal particulars as printed. (Proceeds to do so—from the edition of the play published by SAM FRENCH AND Co.) Nothing therefore remains but to sign our contract. Have you pens and ink?

Angelina. No.

Duke. Paper?

Angelina. No.

Duke. A pencil?

Angelina. Alas, no! All the hand properties have been forgotten.

Duke. No matter! I will write it with my forefinger on the tablecloth. (Does so.) Come! Your signature!

Angelina. Never!

Duke. Perdition! But I will be revenged!

[Exit R. He trips over the cross-bar.

Angelina. What can I do? I am deserted by all.

Enter EDWIN, L. He comes in gaily, tripping over the cross-bar.

Edwin. Not so. I am here. At last, dearest, we are alone! But wait, I have left the door open.

Angelina. Heed it not, beloved. The Mysterious Hand will close it. (The door shuts.) Said I not so?

Edwin. At last, dearest, we are alone.

[Crossing R.

Angelina. Enchanting prospect!

[Crossing L.

Edwin. You are mine. (Placing two fingers on her waist.) Mine, body and soul!

Angelina (apprehensively). The thought is Heaven!

Edwin (slightly inclining head towards her). My heaven is on your lips!

Angelina (averting hers by an equal distance). I faint with rapture!

Edwin (with obvious relief, crossing briskly L.). But a truce to such happiness, I have a secret to reveal.

Angelina. What is that?

Edwin. Er—

[He hesitates.

Angelina. Why do you not speak? (He is silent.) Ah! I see it all. You no longer love me! Is that your secret?

[He is still silent; she stands watching him, her lips moving convulsively.

Edwin. I cannot say. I feel as though someone at the left-hand bottom corner of the stage, were trying to suggest something to me.

Angelina. Ah! Do not reject it. It is the Mysterious Voice!

Edwin. I am not rejecting it. It is too faint. (Half turning L.) What? What do you say? You must speak

louder. Louder yet! I am not able to hear what you say!

[N.B. This is a truly Macterlinekian touch, the convenience of which will be obvious to every amateur.

Angelina (at the conclusion of a lengthy dialogue). It cannot be. I am betrothed to the Duke.

Edwin. Betrothed! Then there is no hope?

Angelina. None. Hark! (She starts violently.) What noise was that?

Edwin. It sounded like a shot.

Angelina. Something has happened.

[A paper bag is heard to explode, off. Edwin (repeating himself). It sounded like a shot.

Enter an aged retainer. He trips over the cross-bar.

Aged Retainer (amusedly). Alas! My master is no more!

Edwin. No more! ANGELINA, then you are free to become my bride.

[He takes her hand, at the same time nodding towards the corner of stage.

Angelina. Yes, EDWIN. We are "Suated at Last!"

[Tentative embrace by EDWIN. Tableau.

Edwin (in a hoarse whisper). Curtain! [The curtain descends about two feet and then sticks.

Angelina (same tone). Curtain!!

Aged Ret. Curtain!!!

The Mysterious Voice. —! —! —! —! For heaven's sake play something!

[National Anthem heard. Exit EDWIN, ANGELINA, and Aged Retainer hurriedly. The stage is empty. The curtain falls.

## "MAMMON WEEK BY WEEK."

(NOTES BY OUR THROGMORTON LOUNGER.)

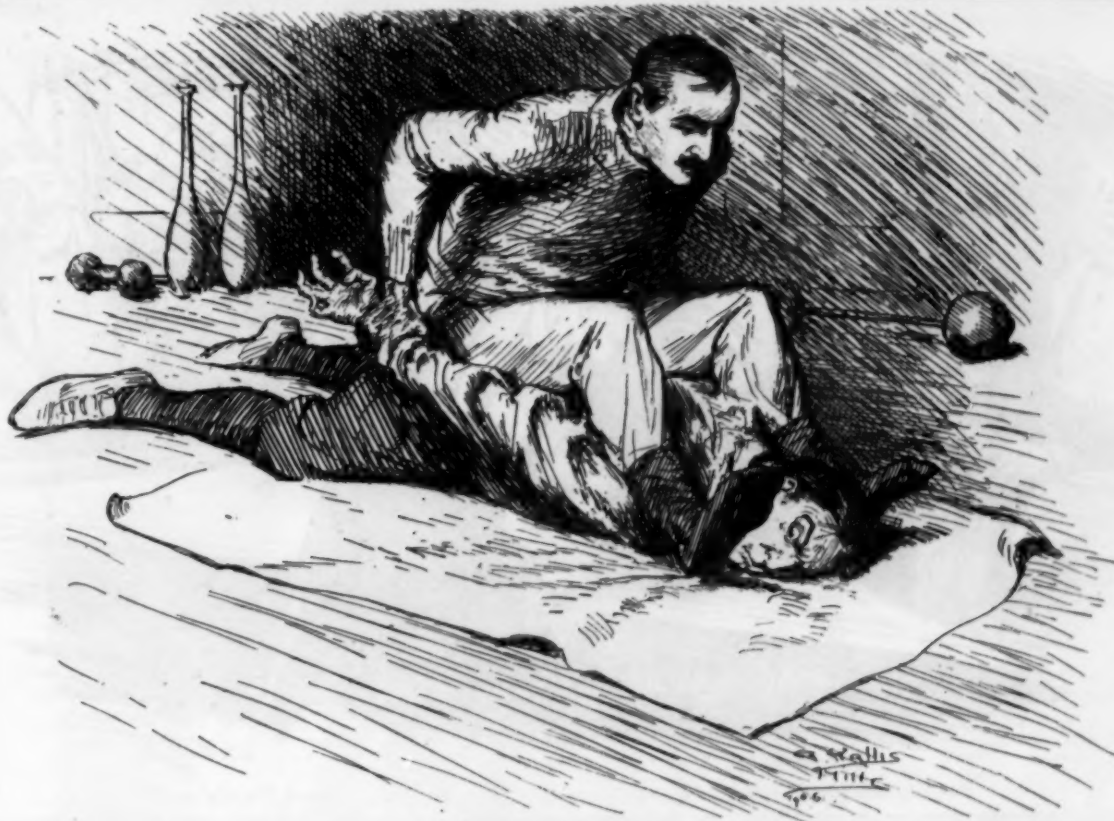
Feb. 27, 1906.

Gilt-edged Securities.—Consols drooped on a rumour that Mr. JOHN BURNS is refusing to pay Income Tax, and closed  $\frac{1}{2}$  down. L.C.C. stock, however, was buoyant on enthusiastic support from Paris, and Water Boards rose  $\frac{1}{4}$  on the last snow-storm.

Colonial and Foreign Stocks.—New Zealand Three and a-half per cents shed a full point when the report reached the "House" that Mr. SEDON is about to publish a complete set of his speeches, to be sold on the hire-purchase system; but a market rumour that *The Times* is preparing a new edition of the *Encyclopædia* induced a brisk gamble in Morocco Fours and an even livelier demand for Levantine stocks.

Yankee Railroads.—Now that Miss ROOSEVELT's wedding is over, the inevitable reaction is following on Wall Street's frantic gamble of last week. Mr. W. LAWSON, it will be remembered, predicted that the wedding presents and





### MORE JIU-JITSU.

*The Professor (to pupil). "I NEED HARDLY IMPRESS UPON YOU, SIR, THE NECESSITY OF CAREFULLY WATCHING EVERYTHING I DO!"*

trousseau would travel over the Baltimore and Ohio line, and his determined "bull" raid on B. and O.'s raised the stock four dollars above the highest price touched during the coon-song boom of 1901.

**Industrials.**—The chief feature has been a persistent selling of omnibus stock, doubtless due to the growing popularity of motor-bus honeymoons, Society's latest fad. "Snap-shot" shares made a sharp rise on the rumour of another Royal engagement.

**Mining Markets.**—In the Kaffir circus things have been very jumpy this week, but the Jungle was torpid, and even the news that a large consignment of snakes had just been exported to Hamburg failed to rouse it from its lethargy. The outstanding feature of the miscellaneous market has been a heavy slump in copper, following on the recent very favourable balance-sheets of "penny-in-the-slot" companies. The market has been staggering under the last load emptied upon it.

**Money.**—Business at the Bank of England has been very congested lately, and we hear from an authoritative inside source that grave apprehension is being

felt that the Bank Rate will be raised to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. The usual Saturday withdrawal of threepenny-bits, for instance, was exceptionally heavy last week.

### THE PEOPLE'S POETS.

[On reading through a Monster Album of the Most Celebrated Comic Songs of the Day.]

BROTHER bards, whose words are printed

In this Monster Album, would  
You be angry if I hinted

They are not so very good?

Would you show some irritation

If you found out that I had,

Without further reservation,

Summed them up as very bad?

For, to put the matter plainly

(Candour is a fault of mine),

I have searched the volume vainly

For a single decent line.

Surely all those verbal terrors

Cannot possibly be due

To a plague of printer's errors:

Some must owe themselves to you!

Yet these lines I do not care for

Have been sung with great success

In the music-halls and, therefore,

Must have merit, more or less.

Though they may not be a model

For their kind, they cannot be  
Such abominable twaddle

As they, somehow, seem to me,

Do I lack the analytic

Quality that should belong

To the favourable critic

Of a modern comic song?

Tell me what it is amuses

Crowded audiences while

It persistently refuses

Me the solace of a smile.

Can it be your trick of making

Rhymes that are not rhymes at all

Sets the countless waistcoats shaking,

Nightly, in a music-hall?

Can your favourite employment

Of a line that will not scan

Cause such streperous enjoyment

In the ordinary man?

Can you, merely by ignoring

LANDLEY MURRAY's famous laws,

Set the many-headed roaring

Its tumultuous applause?

This hypothesis engages

Me as, thoughtfully, I turn

These exasperating pages,

Which I am about to burn.



Our Only Subaltern (by way of enlivening the evening). "COME ON, BOYS! IMAGINE I'M THE RED!"

### THE SOCIAL SEMINARY.

[A lady has pronounced the first of Dr. EMIL REICH's lectures upon PLATO to be *très chic*.]

So Greek is not condemned to die:  
From RHADAMANTHUS' clutches  
A trifle has been taken by  
Persuasion of a Duchess;  
Hellas shall not go all to pot,  
Nor down the darkling way fare;  
Her noblest sage is now the rage  
With denizens of Mayfair.

In no sequestered Academe  
Nor turreted quadrangle,  
They con the strange Utopian dream,  
The dialectic wrangle;  
Superbly dressed St. George's (W.)  
Attends the course in carriages,  
The flow of soul is fixed to roll  
2.45 at Claridge's.

In time for lunch the ladies come:  
Their cutlets and potato  
Precede a mingled pabulum  
Of Dr. REICH and PLATO;  
He sets the brains of châtélaines  
In quite a pleasant flutter,  
He fills the hearts of wives of Barts  
With views too deep to utter!

Yet we can hardly hope he'll bring  
Park Lane, by easy lessons,

To know the imitation thing  
From *oïa* (the essence)!  
Can woman change her mental range,  
Tuned to a wholly new key,  
From idle chats on frills and hats  
To ethics and the  $\psi\chi\eta$ ?

Not she! But now, when tempests rise,  
And feuds are hourly ripened  
Against a tongue whose sad demise  
Will dock the tutor's stipend,  
We gladly learn of fees to earn  
From fashionable maidens,  
When once our fairs in gilded squares  
Have caught the Hellene cadence.

We'll see—as soon as fancy's fire  
Touches the ready tinder—  
That admirably coiffured choir  
Elucidating Pindar;  
The really smart shall learn by heart  
The Chian poet's fable,  
And keep the glib but trusty crib  
On every boudoir table.

Hopes lie upon the Olympians' knees:  
If they will kindly nod at us,  
There is a chance for HOMER Teas,  
And Evenings with HESIODUS;  
When Public Schools have lost their  
Rules  
Of Accidence, oh! what'll  
Be quite so *chic* as Attic Greek,  
So *tree* as ARISTOTLE?

### THE NEW MAGNANIMITY.

[“We are very glad to see that Mr. JOHN BURNS appeared at the PRIME MINISTER's dinner on Saturday night in the customary dress of a Privy Councillor. In doing so he showed both good sense and good taste, and we can assure him that none of his political opponents who are worth any consideration whatever will so far deviate from these qualities as to make this very proper act of respect to the KING the occasion for sarcasm or animadversion.”—*Globe*.]

MR. BURNS must be greatly relieved by the good taste and generosity of this paragraph. No more will his clothes be made the occasion of sarcasm or animadversion. He may rest at ease. Henceforward it is his statesmanship only that will concern his critics—or those of them that can rise above party-feeling to the study of that science. But what a picture—the staff of our pink contemporary, with their hands on their well-bred hearts and their faces shining with honest self-approval, deciding in solemn conclave that Mr. BURNS, having done the correct thing in the matter of costume, is to be encouraged, commended, and spared further gibes! What would the author of *Sartor Resartus* have to say? And where are our historical painters, that this scene in the evolution of journalistic manners and magnanimity is not put on record?



### THE RETURN OF ARTHUR.

"THERE CAME A BARK THAT, BLOWING FORWARD, BORE  
KING ARTHUR, LIKE A MODERN GENTLEMAN  
OF STATELIEST PORT; AND ALL THE PEOPLE CRIED,  
'ARTHUR IS COME AGAIN, HE CANNOT DIE.'"—TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur*.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
PRESS  
CHICAGO, ILL.  
1900

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



## RATHER A TRYING VISITOR.

That Pushing Young Person from over the way (who has come to call at her old home). "Oh, no; you MUSTN'T WORRY ABOUT US IN THE LEAST! YOU KNOW WE'RE RIGHT OPPOSITE, SO IT DOESN'T SEEM STRANGE AT ALL REALLY.—YOU SEE WE'RE SUCH A SMALL PARTY NOW, SO, OF COURSE, WE DON'T WANT NEARLY SO MUCH ROOM.—OH! I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND MY TELLING YOU, WILL YOU? WE HAVE SO ENJOYED WATCHING YOUR FURNITURE BEING MOVED IN. WHAT A LOT OF QUAIN, OLD-FASHIONED COBBERN THINGS YOU HAVE!!—BUT NOW IT DOES SHOW ONE'S BELONGINGS UP WHEN ONE HAS TO BRING THEM OUT INTO THE DAYLIGHT; THEY DO LOOK SO DIFFERENT, DON'T THEY!? YES! OH! AND DO TELL ME, WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THOSE QUEER CHINESE PICTURES, AND WHAT DO THEY REPRESENT? WE CAN'T THINK; WE NEVER SAW ANYTHING AT ALL LIKE THEM!!"

House of Commons, Monday night, February 19.—"Talk about the sucking dove," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking across at the desolated Front Opposition Bench; "when it comes to cooing you gently it isn't in it with DON JOSÉ."

General Election has wrought many changes: no metamorphosis so complete as that of the ex-COLONIAL SECRETARY on this his first appearance in the thronged assembly of new Parliament. Doubtless only temporary. Better make note of it whilst it is dominant.

Some of us remember the familiar, recurrent, scene that marked his interposition in debate in the shattered Parliament PRINCE ARTHUR led. When he rose, alert, aggressive, men on the

crowded Benches around him drew themselves together in pleased anticipation of sport. They fired his blood with strenuous cheer. This afternoon when he rose to open debate on Address from Opposition side the few score Members behind him, flotsam and jetsam from wreck of long-triumphant Party, valiantly cheered. HOWARD VINCENT contributed fully one-half of the sound. Even so it was chillingly feeble.

Situation on Front Bench is made the more embarrassing by incursion of Nationalists and Labour Members on Benches below Gangway. That a part of the House which nominally belongs to the re-united Unionist Opposition. Alack! there are not sufficient good men

and true to fill it. So undesirable aliens, swarming over, have taken possession of the land.

This creates situation unknown to oldest Member. At worst of times, even with Liberals in 1886 and again in 1896, there were sufficient in measure to go round Benches above and below Gangway. When a cheer rose from one quarter it was echoed from the other, giving semblance of full Party muster lined up in face of foe. To-day the mass of hostile insurgents below Gangway throws a pall of gloomy silence over a full half of the Opposition side. Effect indescribably ghastly; depressing even to the dauntless soul of DON JOSÉ. Particularly notable in his voice. No more



ROBERTSON'S GHOST.

*The Solicitor-General.* "I say, you know, it's really absolutely ghastly having one's own ghost always about the place! Upon my word I wish Chaplin had beaten him!"

(Mr. Arnold Lepton, Member for Sleaford, and Sir W.-H.-M. Robertson.)

rang forth the clarion cry with which, seven short months ago, he was wont to fall upon Free-Feeders clustered near him or upon Free-Traders seated opposite. More than once his voice, strangely hesitating, fell so low there was difficulty

in catching the concluding words. Dejected in appearance, apologetic in manner, hesitating in phrase, he achieved the feeblest speech the perplexed Mace has heard from him these thirty years.

C.B. and his friends will make a mistake if they regard the change as permanent. It was due to the first acute realisation of the change in the Parliamentary situation, possibly accentuated by fleeting indisposition. Dox Josef is at his best with his back to the wall fighting against overwhelming odds. That is an attitude he may be expected to resume when familiarity has melted the chilling influences prevalent to-night.

*Business done.* — Address moved. ACLAUD in seconding it delivered speech far above average attained at this stale, unprofitable performance; well deserved the applause it evoked and the compliments lavished by Leaders on both sides.

*Tuesday night.* — In one of those flashes of genius which sometimes illumine Parliamentary debate HOWARD VINCENT this afternoon hit upon an idea that promises to give picturesque touch to our proceedings. Referring to a new German Tariff hostile to this country coming into force next week, he triumphantly asked, "What are the Government going to do about that?"

From a seat below Gangway on Minis-

terial side came a voice promptly, decisively, answering "Nothing."

Turning in the direction whence the interruption came, his eagle eye fell full upon a pink necktie of disproportionate size. Dazzled by the sight, and recognising in the wearer the ex-Secretary of the Cobden Club, he scornfully disputed the impartiality of his judgment. But it was not HAROLD COX after all.

"I said it," confessed a new Member seated further back.

Shading his eyes from the glare of the necktie and fixing them upon the reckless interrupter, HOWARD VINCENT severely remarked, "Oh, you said it. But perhaps the hon. Member has no special knowledge of the question."

Up rose the new Member and proudly proclaimed, "I am an employer who imports foreign iron and so gives employment to English Labour."

This certainly awkward for the Sheffield Knight's argument. The blow driven home by hilarious cheers from the crowded Ministerial Benches. Then it was he diverted attention by a clever move. Immemorial custom of Members to allude to each other in debate as "the hon. Member," "the right hon. Member," or "the noble Lord," as the case may be. HOWARD VINCENT, not knowing the gentleman's name or the constituency for which he sat, proceeded thenceforth with note of subtle, but none the less effective, scorn to allude to his interlocutor as "The hon. Manufacturer."

There is, of course, nothing criminal or even despicable in being a manu-



THE COBDEN CLUB  
In Mr. Chamberlain's old seat.  
(Mr. H.-R.-L. Cox.)



IN ALL HIS GLORY.  
(A surreptitious sketch in Downing Street.)



facturer. If he does not belong to one of the trades that is "going" or "gone," a manufacturer is frequently a person in comfortable circumstances. But if you want to know to what depths human frailty might drag a man, making him repellant to the higher instinct of cultured humanity, you should have heard the inflection in HOWARD VINCENT's voice when he referred throughout the remainder of his speech to the anonymous Member as "The hon. Manufacturer."

Apart from scathing rebuke intended to be conveyed, this method of indicating a Member obviously has advantages. There are twenty-nine hon. manufacturers in the present House. Also there are eleven provision dealers, four drapers, one mineral water manufacturer, one druggist, and an auctioneer. Now example has been set in influential quarter, we may expect the intervention of any of these gentlemen in debate to bring references to "the hon. provision dealer who sits opposite," "the hon. draper who has just sat down," or "the hon. mineral water manufacturer who made so admirable a speech on the subject of explosives illustrated by the repressive action of wire when deftly bound round corks and attached to the necks of bottles."

*Business done.*—Many speeches on divers subjects.

*Friday night.*—Everyone delighted to note how C.-B. celebrates his triumphant promotion by new departure in manner of speech. Whilst Leader of the Opposition, the duty falling to him of taking prominent part in set debate, he was wont to come down loaded with manuscript which he ineffectively read to a bored audience. He was supported by the example of the ever-lamented SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, whose impromptus, born in the glades of the New Forest or by the study fire in his town house, were read with commanding gusto to an unappreciative House.

Effect in both cases identical. The House would rather listen to a halting speech stumbled through with honest intent for a painful ten minutes than to a finished oration fairly written out and unfalteringly read for half-an-hour. The pity of it is, alike with C.-B. and the SQUIRE, there was no necessity for inflicting the penance. C.-B. is a trained and able debater, quick to see the weakness in the enemy's argument, ready to answer him in clear phrase, here and there illumined with the precious light of humour.

It was only of late years, doubtless depressed by the circumstances attendant on a Liberal Opposition before it was vivified by Don José's agency, that he fell into bad habit. Since new Parliament met he has reverted to a better style.



GUNNING-KING

"WELL, LITTLE ONE, HOW MANY BROTHERS AND SISTERS HAVE YOU GOT?"

"ONE BROTHER AND ONE SISTER. HOW MANY HAVE YOU GOT?"

"I'M BETTER OFF THAN YOU. I'VE GOT FOUR OF EACH."

"OH, THEN YOUR MOTHER HAVE GOT EIGHT TO WASH."

In his speech at opening of debate on Address he was assisted by notes in stating the Ministerial position with regard to Foreign Affairs and Home Legislation. That proper enough. But for most part, necessarily when replying to Don José, he spoke on spur of moment, and drove it home too. In seconding the motion for the election of SPEAKER, a ceremonially ordered business in which a written address was possible and might have been excused, he delivered a perfect little speech without the aid of notes.

*Business done.*—Still harping on Address.

FROM *The Sporting Life*.—"Will Mr. CHAMBERLAIN forward his address to PETER GOTZ, care of *The Sporting Life* Office, at once?" We hope Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will stand out for the Jiu-Jitsu style.

#### Half a Honeymoon.

BEFORE his wedding, we are told, Mr. LONGWORTH attended the House of Representatives, and then "paired for a fortnight."

From a contemporary we learn that Mr. LONGWORTH's house is only "two stories (sic) high." But then American stories are often rather tall.

## ALL-TRUEISM.

"THERE are marked signs of the revival of romance," says "Ambrosia" in *The World*, and we are inclined to agree with her. Indeed, we had noticed lately on our own account that an Age of Quixotism was impending, and that the Romantic Spirit was already abroad in our newspapers and on our boardings. Amongst other encouraging evidences of the New Chivalry we are delighted to learn the following:—

The Chinese coolies will no longer be boiled in oil, put to death by the Thousand-Slices, or otherwise inconvenienced for trifling infraction of their contract with the Transvaal slave-drivers; on the other hand, the resident Randalords will wear the "cangue" to make sport for the next holiday of the virtuous British working-man elector.

The proscriptions, dragonades, noyades, and Sicilian Vespers which have decimated, desolated, and made a howling wilderness of the Distressful Island during the past twenty years of "resolute government" shall now come to an end. Every English child shall be compulsorily taught Gaelic, and write, for instance, Dublin as "Baile Ath-Cliath," Cole as "MacCumhaill," James as "Seumas," and his own name in the most improbable Irish spelling possible. The Nationalist M.P.'s, who have hitherto been gagged in the House of Commons, shall now be allowed to champion the woes of Ireland in Erse (that is, if they can manage it).

The national scandal known as "Tea on the Terrace" shall be forthwith abolished, but whelks and fried fish may be served to Labour Members by attendant Countesses, who, however, are not to demand or expect gratuities.

The Gibson girls who have not yet captured Peers shall be allowed to

consider this year as Leap Year. Any girl, unmarried and between the ages of seventeen and seventy, may, *pro hac vice*, entitle herself a "Gibson girl." Any Peer may thereupon give his vote, in case of emergency, as "Not Content." ZIG-ZAG.

## THE "HOUSE" IN BEING.

(Items of interest not generally known.)

THE opening of Parliament by the KING is an event of such recent occurrence that a few details about the "House" (which might escape the ordinary observer) cannot fail to be of interest to our readers.

Situated—as it undoubtedly is—on the banks of the river (Thames), the "House" enjoys a unique prospect of St. Thomas's Hospital, possessed probably by no other building of its kind, at any rate in London.

Standing on the Terrace and gazing towards the farther shore, we observe the graceful outlines of Westminster Bridge on our left, but on turning round and facing the House again we find (as no doubt many an M.P. has done before us) that the same bridge is now on our right!

The Clock Tower, a tower of no inconsiderable height, derives its name from the fact that it contains a time-piece (near the top), the hands of which are said to be considerably longer than those of even a good-sized kitchen clock.

The Library is a fair-sized room in which Members can write their letters without paying for the note-paper and ready-gummed envelopes, enjoying also the free use of excellent blotting paper, which is frequently renewed as occasion demands.

The Dining Room, when full of Members, presents quite an animated appearance, with its snowy table-cloths,

sparkling glass and cutlery. Deft-handed waiters flit hither and thither, taking up a plate here and putting down a glass there—very much, in fact, as they do in a good-class restaurant. For the benefit of teetotalers it should be added that water may be had for the asking.

Space forbids—

[It does, indeed!—Ed.]



Gilded Johnny. "How long will it take your bally cab to get to Victoria?"  
Cabby. "Oh, just about the same time as an ordinary keb, Sir."

## Euthanasia.

"I AM very glad to tell you that your herbs are doing my face good—it is dying away lovely."—*Advt. in "The South Wales Evening Echo."*

We console ourselves with the thought that at any rate its last hours were beautiful.

## LUCRETIVS AT LOCKHART'S.

ENCOURAGED by the resounding success of the lectures on PLATO at Claridge's (whose praises are sung in verse in another column), a committee of ladies have arranged with the proprietors of Lockhart's for the delivery of a supplemental series on the Roman philosophers by the renowned encyclopædist Dr. SCHLEIMIL STREICH.

The subject of the first lecture, held last Friday afternoon, was LUCRETIVS, and the great hall of the central cocoa rooms in Hertford Street, Mayfair, was packed to repletion when Professor STREICH, tastefully gowned in the lat-clave of a Roman senator, assumed a recumbent position at the triclinium and at once launched into his subject. All the critics, from IAMBlichus to VAN VLOTEN, observed Dr. STREICH had proceeded on the radically false assumption that LUCRETIVS was a serious philosopher and a misogynist. There could not be a more colossal mistake. He was in reality the MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS of later Republican Rome, and, as TESCHEMACHER had conclusively proved, a strong advocate of marriage with the deceased wife's sister. Dismissing these arid pedantries in his lucid exordium the lecturer then embarked upon an interesting digression on the melodic system of Croatian folk tunes, several of which he cantillated in an exquisite falsetto, accompanying himself on a cimbalom which had been presented to him (with a course of lessons thrown in) by the late hereditary Hospodar of WALLACHIA.

Woman, resumed Dr. STREICH, after a brilliant cadenza, was necessarily a negligible factor in the geopolitics of the Fescennine phalansteries. Yet even here she exercised an influence none the less cephalic for being indirect. (*Sensation.*) Even in these unpropitious surroundings she had already realised the necessity of NITZSCHE's profound dictum, *il faut méditerraniser la musique*. Skirt dancing was a lost art amongst the

Bantu tribes, but GUMPERTZ had discovered in the rock sepulchres of Anatolia unmistakable glyptic evidence that a game closely resembling hockey was played by the odalisques of Angora. (At this point there was a pause for refreshments, pots of splash and door-steps being the favourite pabulum, and while the audience discussed these the Professor warbled *La donna è mobile*.)

Resuming the thread of his lecture, Dr. STREICH pointed out that the theory which ascribed the death of LUCRETIVS to a love potion had been generally rejected by the hierophants of the Higher Criticism. This, in his view, furnished

was the great pioneer in the high art of geopolitical gastronomy, which they were assembled that day to promote by every means in their power. She was probably of Basque origin, of the authentic Escualdun type, and had emigrated to Egypt with a troupe of Celto-Iberian snake-charmers.

Professor STREICH entreated his hearers, whatever their politics might be, to cultivate their personality. Character without personality ceased to be cephalic, and degenerated into an anæmic palimpsest. PHUPLUXS, the Etruscan Bacchus, AMILKI of Tyre, Admiral JAURÉGUIBERRY, and LAMBERTUS HERTZFELDENSIS, were all

of them more or less concrete examples of the failure to develop personality, and even those who had never heard of them before might well take warning by their fate. For himself he had always been a confirmed Quinologist, and attributed his literary success chiefly to the enunciation of disputable propositions in sesquipedalian phraseology profusely sprinkled with the names of unfamiliar authors, and in the company of a sufficient number of adulatory neophytes of the impressionable gender.

The quest of the simple life was hopeless and unsatisfying. Rather should their aim be to emotionalise reason, to de-simplify the obvious, and to sub-



A GOLF CASE WAS RECENTLY BEFORE THE COURT OF APPEAL. WHY NOT A GOLF COURT ON THE LINKS?

strong presumptive evidence of its intrinsic credibility. KUNO PLINCKHAUSEN, however, had pointed out, with the *raffiné* subtlety which marked the etymological quidnuncs of Upsala, that it was probably not a philtre but a filter of the pre-Pasteurian epoch which was the cause of the Roman poet's regrettable decease. But such bacteriological speculations must always be looked upon with suspicion. Much more plausible was the conjecture of SCHNORR VON CARLSFELD, the famous populariser of ORNSTHOPARCUS' theory of invertible counterpoint, that LUCRETIVS' poem was a translation of the libretto of a Coptic oratorio in which CLEOPATRA had sustained a leading rôle. Now CLEOPATRA, whatever WINKLER and BLEEK might say,

stitute for a sterile Monism the voluptuous régime of polysyllabic thaumaturgy.

The Professor, in conclusion, translated the lines beginning *suave mari magno* into Telugu, Toltec, Algonquin, Swahili, and Mæso-Gothic, and gave a wonderfully realistic imitation of a symposium between CANON CHEYNE, Dr. HARNACK, Lord HALIFAX, and M. POBEDONOSTZEFF.

"RAIN," says *The Scotsman*, "has been in the ascendant in this district since quite an early hour." One is certainly a little tired of the commonplace expression, "Isn't the rain coming down?" and *The Scotsman* does well to strike out a new line.



## TO AN INFANT APE.

[A baby monkey, the only one ever born in the menagerie, has recently made its appearance at the Zoological Gardens.]

YOUNG WILLIAM, when a week or two ago  
Your infant lips pronounced their primal crow;  
When, carefully washed and brought outside to dry,  
The precincts loomed on your expectant eye,  
Just at the moment, enterprising elf,  
No one was more astonished than yourself.  
No spicy nut grove sighing in the breeze,  
No playmates pendant from adjoining trees,  
No maiden aunts in whose exiguous fur  
Fleet parasites should properly occur,  
No cocoanuts were there, no ripe banana  
Wherewith to pound your fellow quadrumana,  
No Amazonian glade whose fastness woos  
The spider monkey's pensive-eyed papoose,  
The while his parents pulverize the rash  
Intruder with the well-timed calabash;  
No ruined temple where the hungry

kan  
Swallows the baby, Bandar-log's  
papa--

Nought (though a vague uncertainty  
anent

The species you propose to represent  
Compels this careful pen to introduce  
A background broad but just a trifle  
loose)

Nought--to conclude the phrase--  
could you detect  
Such as a new-laid monkey might  
expect;

Instead a view incomparably triste, a  
Momentous dullness occupied the  
vista.

Yonder across the intervening space  
A languid stork exploits his amorous  
grace,

While close at hand unsavoury pens  
confine

The prickly but innocuous porcu-  
pine.

About thy cage the vulgar human  
tribe

Pronounce the wheeze and urge the  
ill-bred gibe,

Turn up their noses if thy ways displease,  
Or smile at thy adhesive properties,  
Or criticise thy looks, while one small creature  
Says, "Lor, ELIZA, ain't it just like teacher!"

Well mayst thou view with ill-concealed disgust  
The casual refuse charitably thrust  
Under thy nose; the unromantic rusk,  
The orange's unappetising husk;  
Well may it irk when youths with shiny faces  
Prod thee with walking-sticks in tender places.  
Yet are there compensations to thy lot,  
Evils that men endure and monkeys not,  
Recurring troubles which the captive ape  
Is fortunately able to escape.

No anxious crowd of fashion's hierophants  
Await from thee the *dernier cri* in pants;  
You will not suffer apprehension lest  
The art cravat should mar the fancy vest;  
At thy devoted head no matron hurls  
Her seven charming (and unmarried) girls;  
On thee no Bridge-distracted female rounds

For going "hearts" on insufficient grounds;  
No motor bus from which you strive in vain,  
Once having mounted, to descend again,  
Shatters your nerves, nor will you be annoyed  
By the existence of the unemployed.  
Here will you sit with calm abstracted mien,  
Your face well nourished and your mind serene,  
Nor stir at all save haply to ensnare  
Some passing toque, or dubious tuft of hair;  
Here you will live admired of every eye,  
And they will duly stuff you when you die.  
Really, I think (there, there, my son, don't bawl),  
You haven't done so badly after all.

ALGOL.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LIKE all writers who have early made their mark, the author of *John Chilcote, M.P.*, putting forth fresh effort, is confronted by the rivalry of herself. Is *The Gambler* (HUTCHINSON) as good as Mrs. THURSTON's last book or her first?

One who was, if not actually the first, in the first flight of those who recognised the genius of the currently unknown writer of *The Circle*, confidently answers in the affirmative. As a piece of literary workmanship it is the best thing she has done. The most delightful chapters are the earlier and the later ones dealing with Ireland and Irish people. Neither *LOVER* nor *LEVER* could have been more successful in bringing out those peculiarities of Irish character which are presented in *Denis Ashlin*, successor to an ancient name and an inheritance whose ruin his reckless management completes. His daughter *Clodagh*, round whom the story is spun, is a more charming study. The old servant *Hannah*, *Tim Burke*, stableman and butler in turns--the present critic, hospitably entertained in the south of Ireland, over the waste of twenty years still scents the odour of the stable wafted from the person of the ancient liveried butler hovering round the dinner table--not forgetting the dog *Mick*, are all sketched with sympathetic hand. The fashionable English folk with whom *Clodagh* comes into

connection are more conventional, but they serve their turn as chorus, helping to make up an excellent performance. One defect that mars the pleasure of the reader is incessant asseveration that somebody smiled and someone else laughed. Here, from a single page (298), is an example. "*Mrs. Bathurst* turned to her with her pretty languid smile. . . . *Nance* smiled shyly. . . . *Lady Diana* returned the smile. . . . She drew back and laughed a little. . . . She laughed once more. . . . He smiled a little." In preparing a second edition let Mrs. THURSTON take up the book, run her pen through the several separate lines devoted on nearly every page to this banality, and she will be surprised to find not only how much valuable space is saved, but how the style is strengthened.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE, replying to a deputation of straphangers, promised that "there would be legislation; but on what lines he was not prepared to say." Why not on the District for a start? He also said that "the question was certainly ripe for a forward step." As a matter of fact the "forward step" is being rather overdone. Every time the train stops a number of over-ripe gentlemen drop from their strap and take it.



"WITH THEE CONVERSING I FORGET ALL TIME."  
*Paradise Lost.*